

CRESCENT

BREAKING OUT...

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by Louise Minthorne

The CRESCENT

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Cover photo by Wayne Chapman

Cover poem by Nancy Baker

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Louise:

In putting together the words "Christian college" we refuse to limit either ourselves or God with either/or thinking in the areas of the spiritual or the intellectual.

Strange how the intellectual separatist can assume that religious commitment must preclude great scholarship. It is not religious commitment which precludes great scholarship but the holding of a closed mind, and in this respect all scholars must guard against unexamined assumptions.

Strange how the religious separatist can assume that open dialogue and the willingness to face all questions and evaluate all evidence will preclude spiritual stability.

One who has thought deeply and arrived at personal certitude is the most ready and prepared to re-evaluate the evidence. A generous and open spirit is not to be confused with a neutral position or a lack of concern.

This Christian college does not guarantee peace and harmony, unimaginative reflection, and satisfaction with poorly formulated positions. It does guarantee personal acceptance for a committed or non-committed student and the awareness that this is a community of people everyone of whom is somewhere on the road toward maturity, hopefully Christian. This includes teachers and administrators.

It is an exciting discovery that Christ is a live option for our day, that knowledge

is fragmented without Christ as Savior and Lord, and that the Christian life-style is a rational and rewarding frame of reference for daily living. Pity the person who seeks a perennial church youth camp or the one who reacts to this and seeks learning, experience and reality in sub-culture living. GFC rejects both as immature, time-wasting, and terribly expensive.

A college provides a setting and resources. It brings together people. It creates a time and place. Books (written, not spoken, ideas) are for the taking. We don't even need a curriculum, nor a palace of facilities, nor continual entertainment. We do need the awareness that faith and learning will spark each other if and when they make contact in a meaningful way.

William D. Green
Dean of the College

(More letters on page four)

Middle East

Kilometer 101, that geographical landmark which witnessed the signing of the Egyptian-Israeli disengagement plan just two weeks ago, has now been designated as the "Kissinger Line."

In the terms of the agreement, Israel will pull back its troop position west of the Suez Canal in two phases, ending, by March 5, with all troops behind a new cease-fire line 13 miles east of the Canal.

By the same deadline, Egypt will station 7,000 troops within five-mile strip along the east bank of the Canal, with UN Emergency Force troops occupying the zone between the two.

There is even talk of beginning the work of dredging and clearing the Canal so it could be open to traffic again yet this year.

According to David Burrington, NBC reporter stationed in Tel Aviv, in a presentation given at Portland State University last week, the Israelis are pessimistic about the pullback. The general feeling is that there will be additional pullbacks, each accompanied by additional diplomatic concessions from the Arab states. That in itself is good.

But there is also the realization that eventually Israel will offer to trade some territory for a diplomatic concession which the Arabs won't accept. The result: another stalemate and another inevitable war.

Israel is preparing a new austerity, a renewed Spartan frame-of-mind, readying for a tough, gritty, long-drawn-out fight for survival.

Europe

There is a new and interesting way around the problem of scarce student jobs. Any student between the ages of 17 and 27 can obtain a temporary paying student job in Europe through a new mail application system.

As inflation and unemployment increase, so does the attraction of a temporary paying job in Europe. Recently raised wages in Europe not only offset any dollar devaluation loss, but a few weeks work in Europe — a personally broadening experience on its own — repays most of the trip cost. Willingness to work, adaptability and maintenance of an open mind count more than experience.

Standard wages are paid in addition to the profitable advantage of free room and board which is provided with each hotel, resort, and restaurant job. Most jobs are in Switzerland, France, Austria, and parts of Alpine Germany in lakeside and city resorts, hotels, and restaurants during the spring and summer months. Jobs, working papers, room and board arrangements and other documents are processed in advance.

Interested students may obtain an application form, job listings and descriptions, and the SOS Handbook on Earning Your Way in Europe by sending your name, address, name of educational institution and \$1 (for postage, printing, handling, and addressing only) to SOS — Student Overseas Services, Box 5173, Santa Barbara, CA. 93108.

Claimed to be the "first mass action of the 70's" the National Impeachment Lobby-In is now in session. According to the organization sponsoring the event, National Campaign to Impeach Nixon, it is no longer a question of innocent or guilty, but a question of how to get the President out of the White House.

The stands on this issue are many and varied.

Governor Tom McCall recently stated that Vice-President Gerald Ford had "nothing to gain and everything to lose" in allying himself with the President on this issue.

John Kenneth Gailbraith, Professor of Economics at Harvard, in a recent editorial in *Newsweek* urged that we draw out the pain of Watergate as long as possible, insisting that "Agnew fell too quickly; he will be too easily forgotten." Nixon, on the other hand should undergo a death which will stamp itself indelibly upon the minds of the public.

Nixon himself has vowed to "fight like hell," backed by constitutional power which has never been tried to this extent before.

Though not a crisis time, *per se*, for the Union — few believe that America stands or falls upon the resignation or impeachment of a president — this is a learning time, a time in which we all should be open-eyed and open-minded, ready to evaluate all events in order to raise a better and more perfect Union from the ashes.

In the light of Watergate, Agnew, and the various and sundry scandals of Capitol Hill, the question of keeping integrity and "cleanliness" in politics is one which ought to concern us all. Though Christians often avoid politics thinking they could be more effective working elsewhere, the call to the Christian for public concern is one which definitely should not be missed. As Christians our stand for public morals should lead out, not follow sheepishly.

Oregon Common Cause has recently

NEWS

IN and ABOUT the WORLD

Oregon

Investigation into the "whys" of Oregon's unusually severe gasoline shortages by the Oregon Energy Center has resulted in the following report, published in the most recent information center Newsletter.

Oregon's demand for gasoline has risen faster than that of neighboring states Washington, Idaho, and California. Oregon has the eleventh fastest growth rate in the nation — twice that of California. Washington, by contrast, has the third slowest growth rate in the nation, with a population increase of only .6% in the past three years.

Oregon's vehicle registration has risen much faster than that of neighboring states. Oregon's growth rate for passenger vehicles was 6.6% in 1973. This was due in part to the increase in population, and in part to the increase in recreation vehicles.

Through the past year the average number of miles per gallon per vehicle registered in Oregon has decreased. Though difficult to estimate, a conservative figure of a drop of 2.2 miles per gallon has been derived. This drop in mileage is attributed to an increase in luxury-equipped vehicles (air conditioning, power-steering, etc.), an increase in vacation vehicles, and an increase in the percentage of cars equipped with pollution devices.

The real bind is understood when one realizes that Oregon's fuel needs are growing faster than those of neighboring states, but allocations are being processed at a rate which is constant for all Pacific states.

Oregon

drafted a comprehensive Code of Ethics Initiative which is designed to help "clean-up" Oregon politics. The initiative would, among other things, prohibit public officials from using their offices for private gain, financial or otherwise.

In order to place this issue on the November 1974 ballot, over 50,000 signatures must be obtained before July 5, 1974. Copies of the initiative are available through Daniel Smith; he is also currently circulating a petition on campus.

us involved in its production.

We would like to share this experience with you; and, to assist you in viewing and in open-minded understanding of the play I would like to offer the following suggestions:

— The questions raised in this play are very real and very important questions that men face and ask. Surely there is nowhere these questions would be more bluntly faced than in a Christian liberal arts college. There is no place to hide. Christ demands that we be involved. Please read: 1 Peter 3:14, 15; Colossians 4:5,6; Paul's address to the Athenians, Acts 17:16-34; Christ's conversations with the religious leaders in Matthew 22:15-46 and elsewhere in the Gospels; read all of Acts.

— Remember that Mr. Zuss is a caricature of God. Mr. Zuss is a balloon-vendor who accepts the role of God. He is representative of some men's vision of God as a God of ignorance. This is an oversimplified statement about Zuss, but it is a starting point.

— "J.B." is among the most important contributions to the dramatic arts in the twentieth century and was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1959. The play is written in verse, and though spoken naturally it has much of the form and beauty of great poetry. The lines are often heavy with the compressed meaning of poetry, and it is necessary to attend the production willing to concentrate and to become involved.

— Finally, the play does not pose a final answer to all the questions. Despite the suffering and anguish, J.B. says "We are and that is all our answer. We are and what we are can suffer. But... what suffers loves."

As Christians we believe that there is more of an answer than MacLeish presents; we believe that the source of love is Christ. But how can we even hope to provide adequate answers if we do not understand the questions? George Fox College must not become a shelter from the reality of the world, but be a community of involved, informed, and loving Christians, living in a city set on a hill.

"You are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hidden."
Matthew 5:14

Ken Kinser

alizations, but in effect calls Christ a liar. Christ taught love, in fact, He was love; but He always made it clear that turning from Him led to a retribution from God that resulted in death. I wholly agree that it is better to win lives for Christ thru love than thru intimidation, but can we separate from Christ's gospel something that is so clearly an integral part of it? It seems as though Mock is attempting to hand-pick those teachings of Christ's that are particularly pleasing to him and tossing out the rest as verbal sputum on the pages of this newspaper. I think it would be well for him to recall that not all medicine is particularly pleasing to taste, and that which is really true in life need not be draped in the often faulty shrouds of "intellectualism."

J.M. Tippin

COMING

HOME

1974

HOMECOMING 1974 has been designated as "A Time to Remember." In correlation with this theme, *Crescent* staff member Kathy Westby recently interviewed Jerri (Andrews) Bishop, former GFC student and Homecoming Queen of 1959.

Mrs. Bishop, now a housewife and mother of two, remembers her experiences as Homecoming Queen with the same fond, smiling satisfaction she feels for her three years as a Fox student. Her's is the almost fairy-tale story of an average, well-adjusted elementary education major who is crowned Queen in starry-eyed radiance and goes on to marry her escort, teach school, and raise a lovely, happy family.

Now, thirteen years later, student philosophy has changed, along with the rest of society, from that idealism to level-headed realism. Homecoming is greeted not with whispers of excitement and spine-tingling suspense but with a sarcastic pseudo-enthusiasm, laughing at the quaint customs and traditions. But still, underneath it all, there runs a small trickle of stars, for this — Homecoming and the years spent here at Fox — will indeed be a Time to Remember, whether with fond satisfaction or with vague regrets.

Homecoming begins Friday evening, February 15, at 7:00 P.M. with the coronation of the Queen in Wood-Mar Auditorium. Already selected, the 1974 Homecoming Queen candidates are: Nancy Robinson, senior class; Launi Manley, junior class; Sandy Larabee, sophomore class; Paula Bales, freshman class; and Cheryl Barnett, basketball candidate.

Immediately following the coronation, at 8:00 P.M., will be the presentation of Archibald MacLeish's *J.B.* Following the performance will be the Queen's Reception in the Cap and Gown Room.

Saturday, February 16, events continue beginning with a 10:30 AM Chapel in Wood-Mar — a time when students and alumni may share their Christian faith. Later, at 3:30 PM, there will be a student and alumni Talent/Variety Hour.

Following dinner at 5:00 PM there will be an All-Alumni Basketball game in Hester Gymnasium. Homecoming events close with the Basketball game, 8:00 PM, as the GFC Bruins meet the Warner Pacific Knights.

CHANGING PACE!

So far, all of my articles in this paper have been gripes about either this school or about people in general. And I have a feeling that this issue is going to be full of complaints and depressions already, if half of what I heard was going in gets printed.

This is not a good thing. Sure, there are a lot of things wrong that need righting. But a writer who can do nothing but complain or depress should not be given a pen. And a paper that is narrow should not be read.

But there is a problem here for us. It is easier for me to write when I am confident that what I am saying will stir the reader with the same emotions as I am feeling as I write. This is what good writing is all about: giving another person your own experiences through words.

And it is all too evident that people are more easily angered or depressed than cheered. This is a disease common throughout society: the lack of ability to be thoughtfully cheered, not just *humored*.

So I need your help. I need you to think about what I am going to write until you experience the sense of wonder I am feeling. You can't expect me to spoon feed you if this is going to work.

Still, I am handicapped. I know very well what it is that I want to express. But how am I going to get it across to you?

How can a man transfer his thoughts, his perceptions, his feeling, his *self* to someone else? Although we may be physically or visually in contact, our minds (ourselves) are separated from each other by a bottomless, almost infinite gulf.

For we are each different persons. No two people have the same past to draw upon for reference. No two have the same

background of experience, training, and thought. No two people have the same ways of perceiving the present, nor do they have the same attitude toward it. And no one has the same prospects for the future as anyone else.

So how could it be that two isolated people can ever have real exchange?

We do have a system of clicks and hums we call speech. And we have a system of scribbles and lines we call writing. In other words, we have *words*.

And, somehow, these ugly marks or those funny sounds can take a message from me to you. By themselves these marks are meaningless, purposeless. But when a person who knows the message I have given to each one of these marks, reads them, he can enter into my thinking and participate in it.

By such a strange way as this we communicate.

What's more, this is just the simplest form we use, the most direct. Here each symbol has its own distinct meaning and is used according to rules familiar to all of us. Even this uncanny contact between my mind and yours is mere coding and decoding compared to some of the uses language is put to:

WHEN SERPENTS BARGAIN FOR THE RIGHT TO SQUIRM

when serpents bargain for the right to squirm
and the sun strikes to gain a living wage—
when thorns regard their roses with alarm
and rainbows are insured against old age

"Newberg?" My friends all wrinkled their noses. "You haven't been here long enough," they kindly explained. "You'll find that there's not that much to do in Newberg."

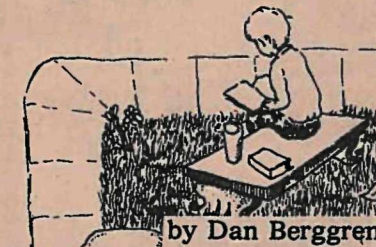
I wondered if they were right. Life, I reasoned, is where you find it. Many people decide too early that seeking it isn't worth the bother. I decided that Newberg deserved the dignity of a little exploration before I passed my judgements on the place.

I began by looking for action in the drop windows along East First Street. There I found the usual, everyday transactions, with little talk, conflict, or laughter to warm the heart of a curious passer-by like me. Four blocks of this kind of thing began to bore me. I had hoped for a vibrant slice of Americana; and, instead, I was discovering that my friends might be right after all.

Discouraged, I crossed the street and headed home. I stopped next to the pool-hall, absently watching a small cluster of people there. Several elderly men were waiting on the corner for the light to change. Next to them sat an old woman, waiting for the bus. All were doing their best to ignore a group of kids lounging behind them by the door of the pool-hall.

The kids, still in junior-high, were engaged in a lively discussion of the physical merits of a female of their acquaintance.

SMALL TOWN BLUES



by Dan Berggren

Backs to the old people, each employed the hair-flicking, shoulder-flexing, and leering of a television-inspired image of Super-cool. Walking down the other side of the street were some girls who began to smile in the direction of the pool-hall. Hair swinging in time to their hips, they were suddenly all sly glances and hesitant whispers. The boys, staring intently after them, turned into the next generation of movers, the doers., the Angry Young Men. Talk over the positive aspects of feminine anatomy was amplified for the girls' benefit, punctuated by occasional whistles and laughs. Attitudes were reflected in their talk — "We are going to live forever. Live young forever. We're going to break out

when every thrush may sing no new moon in
if all screech-owls have not obeyed his voice—
and any wave signs on the dotted line
or else an ocean is compelled to close

when the oak begs permission of the birch
to make an acorn — valleys accuse their
mountains of having altitude — and march
denounces april as a saboteur

then we'll believe in that incredible
unanimous mankind (and not until)

E.E. Cummings

Here, every rule of grammar and syntax is broken. Only the words are familiar; the structure is alien. Still, the poet can communicate to you. Your mind is capable of drawing out an expansive and complex message.

Often, a very few words can bring a message of world-wide significance and complexity:

"May all my enemies go to hell,
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel."

Hilaire Belloc

These ten words can say as much about modern Christmas as a full-length article can. It is up to you to find the message, but a few funny squiggles is all you need to get you going.

The same goes for this motley collection of words from two dead men and me. In the words of still another dead man, Kahlil Gibran:

"For thought is a bird of space, that in a cage of words may indeed unfold its wings but cannot fly."

of this place, we're going to marry who we want, and love who we marry. We'll rule the world, we will be free... someday."

The girls, though pleased with the attention, wandered into the corner dress shop. Obviously they had more important matters on their minds than the boy's suggestions.

The light turned green, and the old men sighed with relief and began shuffling across the street. The kids had succeeded in offending them, and they were undoubtedly reminiscing about their own behavior at that age — They are nothing but a bunch of foul-mouthed puppies! — their faces, hard from the sting of what they had heard, warmed at the memories — We were really hellions in our day, — remember Cindy Ann? There was a movin' girl for you. We knew how to get away with it — we were civilized about it. . . My back aches, just remembering. . . But don't worry about those kids, Eddie, some day they'll know what we know. Laughter.

It was getting dark. With a start, I realized I had been standing there daydreaming for a long time. The kids had filtered back into the pool-hall, and I was getting cold. A little saddened, I started back home. Life is where you find it, but you have to know where to look for it.



J.B.

It is with certain apprehensions that I look forward to the production of Archibald MacLeish's "J.B." My personal involvement has caused me to become cautious of a backlash that could arise from members of the alumni and student body. It is the unfortunate truth that those who openly ask questions or admit the possibility of controversy are often not well accepted in conservative Christian circles.

"J.B." restates and re-examines the essential questions which are raised in the book of Job. The four principal characters are J.B., his wife Sara, a balloon-vendor who plays God, and a popcorn-vendor who plays Satan. Their interaction forms the substance of the play.

"J.B." is both an emotional and intellectual adventure; it asks basic questions about life, death, suffering, evil, and man's relationship with God and his fellow man; it bears no resemblance to "The Sound of Music." It has been a piquant and profoundly emotional experience for each of

(Letters con't. from page two)

Dear Editor

On my initial perusal of Ron Mock's "Bogey Man" article I was moderately amused by the quasi-intellectuality that was used to justify some of his attitudes towards the Second Advent. Upon further reading my attitude slowly changed from one of casual amusement to annoyance and finally disgust.

In this little ditty of his he states that he believes in Christ but due to certain reasons can't quite accept the Rapture and other more "gruesome" aspects of the Endtimes. He seems to purport that the tribulatory occurrences are actually manifestations of mass sadism on the part of Christians and not a holy judgement upon those who have totally rejected the Word of God. Not only in this is he making blatant gener-

BY KIM WICK



THOUGH ONE OF the few stations in Newberg with a limit upon gasoline sold per customer, the Standard station was closed the day this survey was made.

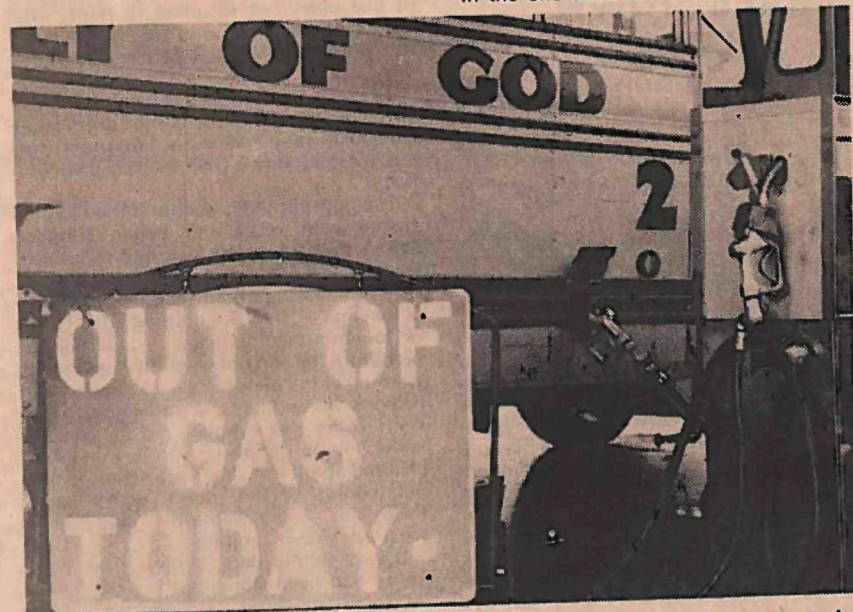
"Hello, I'm from George Fox College — I'm on the staff of the paper there, and I'd like to ask you a few questions . . ."

And that was how it all began. No . . . Come to think of it, it all began when he said, "Sorry, yellow flag — preferred customers, only." And I had to smile, say thank you, and drive away with my still-empty tank.

What is the gasoline situation really like in Newberg? How is it going to affect students? How does one become a preferred customer, if one has to be that to buy gas in this town? During this past week I visited ten gasoline stations within the area of downtown Newberg, inquiring as to their gasoline situation, their policies, and their attitudes towards college students.

Stations here in Newberg have had their gasoline allocations cut back anywhere from six to more than fifty percent. The application of these percentages to cars runs

by Louise Minthorne



YOU JUST NEED TO have the right connections. It seems there's gas enough for emergencies, or for not-so-emergencies, if you know where and how to get it.

OUT- LIKE ALL THE REST

The Crescent looks at Newberg's fuel.



INDICATIVE OF the doubtful situation facing both station owners and customers, this sign found in a closed station lot along First Street is an example of the wry-but-pessimistic humor found among station owners today.

differently for the varying stations. Rocket, for example, can serve 1000 fewer cars each month. Phillips 66 claims to be turning away ten cars per day. The Shell downtown figures they lose fifty customers every day. The Exxon on the corner of River and First Sts. is closing up the first of March.

Only one of the stations surveyed discriminates by displaying a yellow flag. All the rest will sell to anyone and everyone, provided they have the right number on their license plates. And some don't even consider that a good enough reason to turn someone down.

About the rationing plan. For those of you who haven't tried to buy gas in the last two or three weeks, Oregon Governor Tom McCall has instituted a voluntary gas rationing plan based on the last digit of the car's license number. Odd numbered cars may purchase gas on the calendar days which have an odd number, even numbered cars, on even days. And gas will not be sold to anyone who has more than a half tank.

Stations which have gasoline and are selling to the general public will display a green flag. Green means go; now it also means gas. A red flag indicates that gasoline will be sold to emergency vehicles and cars in emergencies only. Yellow indicates "preferred customers only."

As a very general rule, anyone who has to get somewhere and doesn't have gas is considered an emergency, varying with the station visited. Other than that, red-flag situations mean gas for police, ambulances, and firemen.

In the one situation found where "cus-

tomers only" are served, one must have traded and serviced at that station regularly for the past year or year and-a-half. If you haven't, that's tough.

Getting down to more specifics, here is a list of the stations polled and the hours they'll probably be selling gas to the general public, during the month of February. This is designed to give you a starting point in your search for fuel. Best wishes, and good luck.

SHELL (by Safeway): Gas allocations cut back 6%. Open displaying green flag 7 until 10, 4:30 to 5:30 Monday through Friday. Rationing plan enforced.

ROCKET: "We open at 5:30 and we'll sell gas until our day's ration is out. This varies, but we'll never be open later than 12:00." Your license plate won't even be looked at here; come one come all. Cutback 11%. Closed on weekends.

EXXON: Don't even bother to try; cutback over 50%

MOBIL: Allocations cut 20%. Open Monday through Friday at 6:00 AM, with green flag on display. Red flag out on Saturdays. An emergency is an empty tank and a place to go.

PHILLIPS 66: Open Monday through Friday at 5:30 AM. Gas sold until out, usually around 7:00. Rationing enforced strictly. Allocations cut back 15%.

ARCO: Gas for sale Monday through Friday 7:00 AM to 10:00 AM, then red flag on display. Rationing supported, but not strictly enforced. Have been cutback 10%.

SHELL (downtown): Preferred customers only. Don't even try here. Cut 6%.

TEXACO: Open Monday through Friday at 7:00. Stay open until gas is gone, hopefully until 6:00 PM, but usually until 3:00 PM. Limit of \$5.00 per customer. When red flag is out, dire emergencies served only — like a doctor on the way to the hospital. Rationing moderately enforced.

SUB-sports

by Dan Berggren

Is the cream of this school's stalwart young manhood exemplified by our basketball team?

No.

Is it found in our sterling examples of academic worth?

. . . Well, not exactly.

What about our future humanitarians? Those students dedicated to easing the world's problems. Is it there?

. . . What's a humanitarian?

Where, then, can tomorrow's leaders be found?

You got it, kid — the SUB pool room.

I have been told that the pool room is the most relaxed place on campus. The only spot more comfortable is the prayer-room with the lights turned out. Intrigued, I went to see for myself. Pen in hand, I sat in the corner soaking up the atmosphere. Ignored at first, I was soon given a friendly greeting by the patrons. One by one they filed by my chair, trying to see what I WAS WRITING.

"Hey, are you here to spy on us?"

"I don't trust you — you're from the paper."

"Who are you writing about?"

"Are you gonna quote me?"

As soon as I established my position as a non-threatening one, the games resumed without further notice of me. Watching them, I often wondered (not being a devotee of the sport myself) in what channels the conversations here flowed. I knew that Hemingway, Kipling, and Twain were all reputed masters at billiards; and I remembered reading literary accounts of brilliant evenings spent around the tables trading colorful stories and sparking wry conversations. Closing my eyes, I leaned back in my chair, ready to be educated.

"Son-of-a-gun, you ripped the felt with your stick!"

"Shoot five, brother, shoot five."

"Gee, I hate playing with you rowdies."

"Either we got a lopsided ball, or the table ain't straight."

"Get your fingers outa there, sport."

"If I scratch again, I'll slash my wrists . . ."

. . . Yeah, you'll probably lose a quart

of beer."

"Go for the two pocket."

"Get in there, booger . . ."

I opened my eyes. Ah, well, I suppose perhaps the most important thing the place was the atmosphere of camarie it encouraged. Men meet on an basis here, engaged in friendly, low-competition. Hearts are open to bro stories are told, help is freely given true fellowship knits this group together.

"Did I ever tell you guys how my b got stabbed in a fight?"

"No, but one time my cousin was t ing darts at me . . ."

"What'd you do?"

"We were in the garage, so I sv him with a fishing rod."

"What happened?"

"I missed him — but he hollered where I really hit him . . ."

Laughter.

I left the cream of our school's sta young manhood to their games, and, ing my head went off to the prayer i Maybe I'd find someone taking a n there.

DIVISION II PLAYOFFS:

Will We Make It?

by Roger Sargent

At the end of the 1972-73 basketball season, George Fox College entered the NAIA Division II playoffs as a dark horse to vie for a trip to the national NAIA tournament. Shortly after they walked away from Pacific University with the Division II crown and a trip to Kansas City, Missouri.

This highly irregular event caused quite a commotion in the greater Portland area, especially from some of the chagrined sports writers who three years earlier had been nigh onto calling Lorin Miller a lunatic for accepting the position of head coach at GFC.

But how irregular was it, really? Actually, in the two years previous, Fox had sent a team to district, something that was irregular in the pathetic past.

In a recent interview Coach Miller stated that after sending an independent team with a 16-14 record to the national tournament Division II officials toyed with the idea of accepting an independent entry into the division playoffs only if they held a 66.6% win record at the end of the season. However, this year it is very probable that that recommendation will be waived because only one team (OTI) in the division has accumulated a record of that caliber. In other words, the Bruins are still in the running for a berth in the playoffs. Before the recent win over University of Alaska, Fox held a percentage which placed them

fourth in Division II and the strongest independent entry. If they continue to win it is possible for the team to accumulate a 65% average.

However, Coach Miller was quick to point out another variable. The Division II Basketball Committee (of which he is a member) must decide how large the division tournament will be, out of a possible 2, 3, or 4 entries. Their recommendation will then be presented to the Division's executive council who will make the final decision.

This decision will have the second greatest influence upon GFC's participation in the playoffs, the first being the team's standing in the division, and among the other independent teams.

A decision to have a four-team fray will make a way for a strong independent team; a three-team set-up would not rule an independent team out, but would make the going considerably tougher. The basketball committee will make its recommendation on February 14; Fox has four games to play before that date. These games could prove to be very important ones.

Nothing will be final until the end of the season, six games from now, but unless GF sets its sights high, the chances of making it to the division playoffs are slim. However, those sights are high — at least on the part of the coach and team. Fox still has a good chance.



WARMING THE BENCH during a recent intramural five-man basketball game Penn I's Skip Gray watches the action. Currently 60 college men are participating in the program, playing games between 9:30 and midnight two nights each week.

IT'S THE INDIAN GENERATION



HAVE AN INDIAN SUMMER! Minister to the Indian Generation in British Columbia, Canada. Imagine taking off for a summer...and giving it to God. Suppose He led you to spend that summer telling Indian young people and mothers and fathers of the Pacific Northwest about God's love and His salvation through His Son.

Suppose you went to some of these people, sat down in their homes, visited with them by the side of a river, under a tree or in a community hall. Imagine telling some of these Indian people about Christ and teaching them from God's Word. And, suppose, before the summer was over you led some of them to the Saviour.

IT WOULD BE AN EXPERIENCE YOU WOULD NEVER FORGET.

Requirements. To participate in SMI, you are usually required to have at least one year of Bible school or college.

COSTS

Each student is expected to provide transportation to and from Vancouver, B.C. He is also requested to furnish \$200, which will go towards meeting all other necessary expenses which are provided by the Mission.

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